

## **Gym class heroes by CursedGoblin\_yx (CursedGoblin)**

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**Summary:**

Billy is wearing a shirt in gym class. It throws everyone off but none more so then Steve.

Not that it lasts long, soon enough they're kicked out of gym and well Steve figured out whats got Billy to touchy.

## Gym class heroes

Today was weird. Today was really really weird. All because Billy fucking bane-of-his-existence Hargrove was wearing a shirt in gym while he talked to the coach. *He was wearing a shirt.* Steve felt validated that it wasn't just him staring. There wasn't enough time in the world for him to process what was going on before Coach was blowing his whistle and screaming at them to get on the court.

Everyone was still staring when Billy walked to the shirts side of the gym too. A shout for O'Connor to take his shirt off was explanation enough before the blond was just to the left of Steve. Fleetingly, Steve almost let himself be excited for the change. He might have a game that didn't leave him sore and bruised for once.

Trying to catch Billy's eye, though, was impossible. It was aggravating to say the least. Sure, they had their little thing these last few months. They weren't serious, but they met up frequently enough that Steve knew when he was being snubbed over just not being paid attention to. Frustration quickly mounted in the game when he and Billy went after the ball, only to royally fuck up as they collided with each other.

"Shit!" Stumbling over, Steve actually caught himself and turned around with a glower. "The hell is your damage Hargrove!" Maybe it had been a few days too long. Usually he wasn't so quick to anger. When the blond just flashed his teeth with rage in his eyes, Steve knew he was going to snap. It came in the form of shoving Steve hard enough to fall back, making him land on his hip with a crash.

Billy flinched at Steve's bad landing. Then, he recoiled when Steve shot up and put a hand on his chest, shoving him. "Fuck's sake

Harrington, keep your hands to yourself!” He hissed while his one hand went up as if to cradle some part of his torso, only to freeze mid motion, and really Steve had seen this happen before. He wasn’t dumb and could put two and two together. Something happened this week and Steve was going to find out what.

Whatever was going through his mind skidded to a stop when the whistle blew.

“HARRINGTON, HARGROVE! GET TO THE SHOWERS, I’M NOT DEALING WITH YOUR SHIT TODAY!”

Both of them jumped a good five feet apart before glowering at each other. Then again, the mood seemed to change the further they got from other students. By the time they were in the locker room, Billy was shoving Steve against a wall, and Steve was grabbing his hips, pulling them flush together.

The kiss was rough, and wet and with no one else in the locker room, they were both panting and groaning into it. When Steve slid his hand up Billy’s side, going for the other boy’s chest though, Billy flinched back with a yelp and a slap at Steve’s hand.

“I’m serious, keep your hands out of my shirt Steve,” Billy husked before he wrapped his hands around Steve’s wrists and held them down. A smirk curled his lips and Billy’s hips rocked forward until both of them hissed at the friction. Then they were back to mouthing at each other, kissing in a way that was absolutely filthy while Billy just took his pleasure and Steve held on for the ride that he was letting the blond have.

Pulling back with a groan, Steve snipped, “I don’t get it, last time you were telling me you liked my hands all over you.” He watched Billy’s eyes go dark while he looked down at him.

“You’re such a fucking-fine.” As he spoke Billy pulled back and rolled the tension from his shoulders before he grabbed the hem of his shirt and pulled it up. Instantly, Steve’s eyes were skirting over the skin, looking for bruising or swelling or something. He found jack shit.

Then the light caught on, on-oh. Steve’s mouth went dry then. Lips fell in a slack-jawed ‘o’ as his own eyes darkened. “When did you even go and get these?” With an arched eyebrow, Billy just let Steve pull himself back until their legs were slotted again, pressed against each other with a heavy silence around them.

“You know when I got them.” Billy’s voice whispering was making Steve think back to a note last week that was stuffed in his locker. “You aren’t supposed to fuck around with them for a while.”

God, it felt like his head was spinning. “We can definitely take a shower when we’re done,” he replied, voice rough. Steve just eyed the pierced nipples with a hungry look in his eye. Billy cursed in a whisper, before Steve just slid himself down the locker, bending forward and wrapping his lips around one of the swollen piercings. His hands came up and held at the blonds sides as well, keeping him close enough so Steve could take his time and enjoy this.

A brush of his tongue, and he flicked his eyes up to watch Billy’s face, only to be locked in place because ocean blue eyes were watching him, wide with *whatever* emotion was in them. He groaned then and

dragged teeth over the piercing before pulling off with a pop.

Billy actually wobbled, unsteady on his feet while his hands moved to cling to Steve's shoulders. "Does it hurt?" Steve asked, only for a breathless chuckle to come from above him.

"Not more then when I got them." Arching an eyebrow, Steve tilted his head, about to ask if he should stop when Billy licked his lips. He bit into his bottom lip and pressed the bulge of his pants into Steve's own hard on. Drawing a sharp breath, Steve grinned that soft grin before he slid his hands down into the back of Billy's pants. Grabbing the other teen's ass, he rocked his own hips forward.

"God, fuck your hands, use your mouth Harrington." The pleading order was enough to have Steve twitching in his pants. In the next second, his mouth was back to work. With his cheeks hollowing out, he sucked on the piercing hard enough that he felt the click of the jewelry against his teeth.

He made a sound at the back of his throat and dragged the top of his tongue against it before pulling away and blowing a steady breath over the now hard nipple. A flash of a smug grin and he looked up again, winking at the blond before he moved to the other one to repeat the same treatment.

From there, it didn't take the two long at all to start a rhythm. Billy's hips rolling forward, while Steve's lips teeth and tongue alternated the specific type of torture he would put the blond through. At least the angle was right for the both of them to grind together.

It was over way too soon. Steve hands squeezed at Billy's ass while he tried to assist in the desperate grinding, only for his breath to stutter as he felt his orgasm rip out of him. The high-strung choked noise was enough to have Steve looking up and taking in the heated gleam.

Fuck, he was close.... With a wicked grin, Steve lurched up to lock his lips against Billy's, initiating a filthy kiss. Meanwhile, he used one hand to spread Billy before pressing the pads of his fingers against the other's entrance. Apparently it was just enough for the blond to choke on his own tongue while he stopped his thrusting, and growled as it racked through him.

Yeah, months into this arrangement and Steve still thought the best part of it all was watching Billy cum. A few minutes of their breath mingling while they tried to catch it left both of them stiff as they tried to untangle from each other. When there was finally room between the two of them, Steve slapped Billy's ass before darting forward.

"C'mon, the shower's waiting, and this time we get all the hot water."